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TRADITIONAL TALES OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THESE volumes can hardly as yet be said to have issued from the press, though we thus early report them to the public. On their author we need offer no remarks, as we had so recently an opportunity of mentioning him with just applause in our review of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell. His talents have since received a higher meed from the pen of the author of *Waverley*, with whom we cordially agree that Allan Cunningham is "a credit to Caledonia;" and that is no mean praise, when we look on the brightness of her literary galaxy.

The tales are sixteen in number, and founded on historical events, such as the Rebellion, &c. on popular superstitions, and on national feelings and manners. We select one of the *Preternatural* cast, which possesses the further excellence of also developing very pathetically the *Natural*: it is called *The Mother's Dream*, and like all the others, neatly and characteristically prefaced.

"Were the mother's dream a traditional fiction, and its predictions unfulfilled, gladness would be diffused round many hearts, and the tears wiped away from many matron's cheeks. It was related to me by a Dumfriesshire lady; her voice was slow and gentle,

and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech.

" 'When woman is young,' said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, 'she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men—when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walk in more lonely places, and seeking converse with her own spirit, shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so white along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

‘ This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high, and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of the causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fireside traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady’s voice is heard, and a lady’s form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence ; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side ; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it ; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning the castle of the Ladye’s Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the copestone.

‘ They who attach credence to this wild legend, are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter’s ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced ; while those who connect tales of wonder with

every remarkable place, say that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loophole and turret, while on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye’s Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher’s net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters ; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and say, ‘ The Ladye’s Lowe will have its yearly victim ; ’ and its yearly victim, tradition tells us it has had ever since the sinking of the tower.

‘ I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border ; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the awe and solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous outline of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and on going nearer, I saw it was a man ; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there ; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry ; and presently he started up, and seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man ; and the remains of health and beauty were still about him ; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered ; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the

merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting up water in his palms, scattered it in the air; then dipping both hands again, showed the water about his locks like rain. He continued, during this singular employment, to chaunt some strange and broken words, with a wild tone and a faltering tongue.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;
 Misery to them who dip their hands in thee!
 May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,
 The fish leap no more in thy waves;
 May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,
 And the lightning scorch thee up;
 May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,
 And the white swan fly from thy floods!

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;
 The babe unborn shall never bless thee;
 May the flocks that taste of thee perish;
 May the man who bathes in thy flood
 Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,
 And go childless down to the grave.
 As I curse thee with my delirious tongue,
 I will mar thee with my unhappy hands!

As this water, cast on the passing wind,
 Shall return to thy bosom no more,
 So shall the light of morning forsake thee,
 And night-darkness devour thee up.
 As that pebble descends into thy deeps,
 And that feather floats on thy waves,
 So shall the good and holy curse thee,
 And the madman mar thee with dust.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,
 For the sake of those thou hast slain;
 For the father who mourn'd for his son,
 For the mother who wail'd for her child.
 I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,
 And a mother mourning by thy waters;
 I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,
 And weep for her fair-hair'd son.

'The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake; and, gathering up the dust, among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and, throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands,

and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

'A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come; and when I went to the kirking, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys.

'Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for a while; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and unruffled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a

cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

"See him, see him," said she to me, "his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as has been his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening." I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. "It is a strange and mournful story," she answered, "but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as gladsome as the light of day; but for these eight long years I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad and praised him who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which even an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside

me; but though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, rising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker, till it filled the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld the shapes of men, and heard voices more shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and, lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of woes to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the Shadow say, 'Woman what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were

numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld them no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowantree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it? And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say; I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit by all the salvation contained between the

boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.' [We are obliged to omit a scene here in which other neighbour advisers take a part; and pass on to the mother's fearful trial of the superstitious experiment which had been recommended to her. She visits the Ladye's Lowe, and watches at midnight on the third night of her dream.]

"I looked and I thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling undulation of the water which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brooks, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me a child no more, but a stripling tall and fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to

myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds ; and, stiff with cold, and, with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on—my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child ; and I said in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears ; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind ; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers ; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others ; wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow ; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish ; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December ; the winter had been open and green ; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned : ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Ladye's Lowe, which few people were willing to break ; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen, where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and froward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions

—traditionary legends as the labour of credulous men ; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the Bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish ; and not a few among the sedater sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and play the game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place ; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks of the lake to behold the contest ; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling stones as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands."

The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking stedfastly in her face, for a moment, said, 'Rachel, dost thou know me ?' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. 'Know me ! aye, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me, and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man ; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' 'Young man,' she said, 'I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless ; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above ; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten

conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' 'Repentance!' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start, 'of what have I to repent? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others; and such mishap was mine. Harken, and ye shall judge.'

And he sat down by the side of the lake; and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water; then turning round to us, he said: 'Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said: 'Oh Benjie, save me—save me; but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep fathomless water; and far below I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed to perish yearly in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, 'Oh Benjie, save me, save me!' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle; but the fears for my own life were too strong; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, had stretched forth her hands over him, and with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse

and to confound him. 'Oh! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, 'were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust aneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handiworks; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no brother to feel a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou!' From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over

the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling, save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning.

One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound; about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe."

EARLY TRAVELLERS---MOCQUET.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,—
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

SIR,
A GOOD deal of amusement is, in my opinion, derived from the perusal of old books of travels. To mark the surprise which attended the first discovery of places and objects which habit has familiarized; and to observe the web of deceit in which the traveller often involves his narrative, either through vanity, or a desire to levy a tax upon the simplicity of his readers, are productive of no small entertainment.

The reproach of credulity and falsehood which attaches to early travellers, however just in most cases, should not always dispose us to discredit what they report merely because it may not have been confirmed by later authorities. No traveller has laboured under a greater share of this reproach than Marco Polo; yet some of his fables have been discovered to be facts, with a little colouring and exaggeration, which circumstances might well be considered to excuse. A correspondent in your journal has referred to the fabrications met with in Tavernier's Travels, where the author states he was assured in India, that "sugar kept for

thirty years became poison." Perhaps it may mitigate that gentleman's censure to state, that the traveller's informant very probably spoke not of the article extracted from the sugar cane, but the concrete saccharine substance found in the bamboo. Humboldt says that the juice of the bamboo-cane in South America (Tabasheer, as it is termed) kept for five months, exhales a strong fetid animal smell; and Dr. Russel observed the same property in the *salt* of the Asiatic bamboo; and it may acquire, by longer keeping, a putrescent quality equal in effect to strong poison.

These remarks may serve as preface to the account of the travels and voyages of John Mocquet. The narrative of this traveller is so exquisite a specimen of the style called the marvellous, that, were not the details oftentimes outrageously indecent, its largest portion would fall under the first division mentioned in the beginning of my letter, namely, the *amusing*. It must be remembered, in extenuation of his want of sincerity, that John Mocquet was not only a traveller, but a courtier and a Frenchman. He was "keeper of

the cabinet of rarities" at the Thuilleries to King Henry the Great. In relating his voyages, one circumstance is remarkable, namely, the lawless proceedings on that element; piratical cruisers, chiefly of the Dutch and English, seem to have swarmed every where.

Arriving in South America, he went ashore in the "land of Yapoco," where he beheld the Indians strike fire with two pieces of wood; he describes their hammocks, or hanging beds, and the wine, "or drink of fruits which inebriates like beer or citre, made by chawing a certain root, and boiling it." They "do not love melancholy and green persons; and if you make sport of them it must be in laughing. They are very hardy and warlike, courteous and liberal, and have cheerful looks. The Caribes are not so, for they would give us, as the saying is, not so much as a potatte (potato); this is a root like a turnip, but longer, and of a red and yellow colour: it is of a very good taste, and they eat it boiled or roasted; but if often eat of, it is very disrelishing and windy."

He describes the cassava or cassada bread very accurately. Of the ceremonies used in inducting the chiefs of Yacopo into office, he gives a whimsical account. A man designed for chief or captain is belaboured with a great switch, "so that the body is all over black and bloody, and blisters rise as high as one's finger;" then he is broiled over a fire until he swoons away with the heat and smoke: he is brought to himself by "plenty of water being cast upon him," and is then qualified to eat *flesh*. Some time after he undergoes another process of belabouring, &c. which fits him to eat *fish*, and he is admitted forthwith to office. Mocquet speaks here of an Indian, "son of the King of Trinidad," who served them for interpreter, as having been carried off "through subtilty," by an Englishman, named "Millord-Rallé," probably no other than the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh.

In his intercourse with the Moors in Morocco, he became acquainted with an alcaide, named Abdassis, who com-

plained of the conduct of the King of Morocco, Muley Boufairs, who does not appear to have been either cruel or lascivious, but "all his delight was in *comer couscoussous unquam*, that is," he says, "in eating of a certain confection made up into sugar plums." His sweet palate lost him his kingdom: he was deposed in the month of November, 1606, "according as our Noster-dames had predicted his centuries, as I have been shewed since."

Mocquet arrived at Goa in May, 1609, and the first wonder he saw there was "a bird no bigger than a linnet, which never stirred from the sea, and never went on land; but when the female laid her eggs, she mounts up out of sight, and so lays her eggs one at a time, as she mounts up; after, this egg comes down tossing in the air, which is very hot in that country: before it falls into the sea 'tis hatch'd; after which the sea nourisheth it; which," he observes, "I found to be wonderful and rare in nature." He speaks of the custom of the women of India burning themselves with their dead husbands' bodies; but he cannot relate the fact without the following appendage:—" 'Tis remarkable that the body of the woman hath such an oyley property, than one body will serve like oil or grease to consume the bodies of five or six men." This will perhaps afford a clue to discovering the origin of the practice.

The manners of the Portuguese he represents as scandalous; and if half what he reports of them be true, the natives of India have ample cause to bless the change which has placed them under the mild dominion of the British. Their cruelties and enormities of every kind provoked to resentment all the nations from Arabia to Japan, and, when opportunity offered, to retaliation. "The King of Siam," Mocquet says, "when he can catch any Portugals, puts them stark naked in frying pans of copper upon the fire, and thus roasts them by little and little."

He relates among other stories respecting the kingdom of Siam, the following particulars of a famine in the kingdom of Pegu, next to that of Siam,

"where had happened some years since the most strange and prodigious thing in the world : some sorcerers and witches so ordered the matter with the King of Pegu, that he took such a hatred against his subjects, that he was resolved utterly to root out and extirpate them ; to bring this to pass, he expressly commanded that none on pain of death should either plough or sow the land for the space of two or three years. The ground having thus continued to be uncultivated for some years, without reaping any thing, there fell out such scarcity and necessity amongst these poor people of Pegu, that having consumed all their victuals and all other things fit to be eaten, they were forced, after the manner of the Anthropophages, to eat one another ; and, what was most prodigious and terrible, and never before heard of, to keep public shambles of the flesh of those they could catch about the fields, the strongest killing and massacring their companions to have a share of them : inso-much that they went to hunt after men as some savage beasts, and made parties and assemblies for this end. During this horrible famine, the people of the kingdoms round about being advertised of this extream necessity, equipped a quantity of vessels laden with rice, &c. which they brought to Pegu, and sold it there for what they pleased : amongst the rest there was a merchant of Goa, who arriving there with a boat laden with rice, as he went from house to house to put off his merchandize, taking for payment money, slaves, or other things they could give him ; he happened upon a house where they had not wherewithal to buy so much as a measure of rice, and yet ready to die with rage and hunger, but they shewed this merchant an exceedingly beautiful woman, whom her brethren and sisters had a mind to sell for a slave for certain measures of rice ; the merchant offered two measures, or bushels, and they would have three, remonstrating, that if they killed this girl, the flesh would last them and nourish them much longer than his rice ; at last, when they could not agree, the merchant went his way, but no sooner was he gone, than they killed this young

woman, and cut her to pieces : but the merchant being not a little enamoured with this maid, and besides having compassion on her, soon returned again to give them what they demanded ; but he was mightily astonished and sorry when they shewed him the young woman in pieces, telling him that not thinking he would return, they did it to satisfy hunger. Such was the end of this Peguan damsel ; and many others had the same fate."

Speaking afterwards of China, he says, that at Canton, "one of the greatest cities in all China, where they go through a great river, much bigger than the Sene at Roan, and is joyned with the sea," are three or four thousand boats, wherein a great number of birds of the river retire, leaving them in the morning to go into the fields. "When night comes, the Chinese sound a little horn, which is heard at a great distance, and then these ducks return every one to his boat, where they have their nests, and hatch their young ones." He adds, "a man who shall have a boat garnished with these ducks is rich." I have no doubt that these *ducks*, which the traveller supposed to be intended to "roast for sale," were the fishing cormorants (*Pelicanus sinensis*), which are employed in great numbers in China, and trained to dive for fish. These birds, not much larger than the common duck, seize and hold fast fishes equal to their own weight. Several thousand boats and bamboo rafts were observed to be occupied in this mode of fishing, by Lord Macartney's suite.

The mention of roast ducks seems to have reminded the traveller of an instance of the "guile and deceits of the Chineses :"—"A Portugal told me at Goa, that going from Macao to Canton he had been cozened after this manner ; for having bought a roasted duck at a cook's shop, seeing it look well, and appearing to be very fat, he carried it with him on board his vessel to eat it ; but when he had put his knife upon it to cut it up, he found nothing but the skin which was upon some paper, ingeniously fitted up with little sticks, which made the body of the duck." They also made, it seems,

"gammons of hogs for sale to those who belong to the sea, especially the Portugals," filled with black earth, and rubbed over with fat, so that it seemed the flesh itself; selling it by weight. Some of the tricks of these people upon the Portuguese were fairly deserved. An instance I shall insert, not only for the ingenuity of the contrivance, but on account of its resemblance to that which Shakspeare has employed to punish that amusing compound of fat, fun, and wickedness, Sir John Falstaff.

"In the Isle of Macao, where the Chinese and Portugals inhabit together, there was a Portugal merchant very rich, who being in love with a Chinese woman that was married, used all the solicitation and courtship he could to oblige her to condescend to his will, but not being able to bring his designs to pass, he continued to importune her, insomuch that she declared it all to her husband, who prudently told her that she should permit him to come at an hour appointed, and that he would make shew of going abroad, and then presently return and would knock at the door. Having thus agreed betwixt them, it was put in execution, and the Portugal had assignation of the lady, who failed not to come at the time appointed, not a little joyful of this good fortune at last; but no sooner was our

gentleman entered the house, the door shut, than the husband knocks at the door, at which the good wife, seeming to be mightily astonished, prayed the Portugal to hide himself in an open tub of *pourcelain fat*, and having caused him to enter therein, and locked it fast, opened the door to her husband, who without making shew of knowing any thing, let him there soak till the next morning, when he ordered this tub to be carried to the market, or *lainan*, as they call it, saying that there was some of the finest sort of *porcelain*, therein to sell, and that there were so many courges or dozen, and carried a sample thereof in his hand. When he had agreed with some one for the price, they opened the fat; and then appeared the poor Portugal, ashamed and almost starved, and every one mightily astonished to see him there in that condition, and the Chinese himself pretending great wonder, and the Portugal had his belly full of jeering and hissing at."

With regard to the want of success attending the religious missions of the Portuguese, Mocquet says, "I have found out in the Indies, that the whoredoms, ambition, avarice, and greediness of the Portugals has been one of the chiefest causes why the Indians become not Christians so easily."

ACCOUNT OF THE FEMALE SPIES IN THE SERVICE OF BONAPARTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the greatest faults committed by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, was that of doubting the stability of his reign, and in having pursued exactly the contrary measures to those which were necessary for the consolidation of his newly-acquired power. Jealous and suspicious, he wished to shackle all private opinion, to know all secrets, and thus to render one half of his subjects spies upon the other.

Even the profligate principles of Machiavel, shrink into nothingness, when contrasted with the institution of *The Imperial Espionage*.

Placemen and characters of distinc-

tion, pamphleteers, mountebanks, mechanics and husbandmen, were secret members of this association. In short, every description of people, and of both sexes, from infancy to decrepitude, were comprehended in the list of spies.

Snares were set by the supreme police, which were very difficult to avoid, because no one could ever suspect them. A number of persons of both sexes whom Bonaparte jestingly called his *Cytherian Cohort*, all that was most seductive in youth, beauty, grace, and pleasing acquirements, was united and trained in this society. Men of engaging address and fascinating manners, and women of superior beauty and

great personal attractions, most of them involved in debt, extravagant in their style of living, and greedy of money, by whatever means acquired, gladly lent their aid without a blush, and without remorse, to further the diabolical machinations of a despot, who himself trembled in the midst of his victims. The following narrative will serve to show the manner in which these nefarious agents were employed by the government.

In the year 1809, a Hollander was preparing at Leipsic, to publish a memorial intended to exhibit in its true colours the extravagant and intolerable ambition of Bonaparte.

Baron D——, who was the first to discover this project, thus expressed himself, in a letter concerning it, which he addressed to the emperor.

"The person who has read the manuscript assures me, that he has never seen any thing better and more forcibly written, or supported by more imposing and ingenuous arguments. This appeal to all the crowned heads of Europe, is calculated to produce an irresistible conviction in every breast. It is fraught with more danger in its consequences, than any writing which has ever before appeared in any language, against the monarch of France."

It will readily be supposed that Bonaparte would not fail immediately to set all his secret agents and emissaries at work.—Mons. de M——, who was the principal employed on this important occasion, very soon succeeded in taking the unfortunate Hollander in the snare which he had laid for him.

But what was the disappointment of the French Inquisitors! They stripped the unfortunate Hollander, searched his clothes, ransacked and broke in pieces his furniture, ripped up his beds and even destroyed a plaister Venus. But after all, no discovery was made—the manuscript could no where be found. Their rage and vexation exceeded all bounds. None but an eye-witness could describe their violence. He was roughly asked what had become of the manuscript he intended to publish?

"I have neither written nor intended to publish any thing," was the answer.

"Sir, you are to know that my government is not to be imposed on. My commission is limited to ascertain whether poverty has compelled you to write.—If that is the case, put what price you please upon your work. I have bills with me to a large amount, and will immediately pay you the sum you may require for it."

"Your offers," replied the unfortunate Hollander, "are very generous, and I regret extremely that it is not in my power to accept of them. But I again declare to you that I have never written any thing against the French government.—Some one has certainly deceived you."

Mons. de M—— finding that he was inflexible, and that it was impossible to bribe him, had him conducted into France, where he was thrown into a state prison; and I never afterwards heard any thing more concerning this unfortunate Batavian.

But where was this dreaded memorial? by what means had it escaped the search of these zealous agents of the ministry? This is the explanation:

Some days before his arrest, the author conceived suspicions of a man to whom, in confidence, he had revealed his projects. Impressed with this belief, he deemed it the most advisable measure, to confide his precious manuscript to a particular friend who usually resided near Prague, but who happened at this time, to be in Leipsick.

This circumstance alone prevented the discovery of the manuscript by Mons. de M—— and his creatures. But the affair was far from resting here. The emperor was determined, at all events, and by any means, to get possession of the manuscript, and the obstacles he met with served only the more strongly to fix his determination.

"Take what measures you please—the manuscript must be had." As he said this, he turned on his heel, and abruptly quitted de M——, who, compelled to set all his wits at work, immediately made a second journey to Leipsic. He visited the person who had betrayed the Hollander. This wretch had received only five hundred crowns as the reward of his treachery. A thousand had been promised him in

case of his succeeding; but the scheme having failed, nothing more was to be had.

Whilst endeavouring to account for the disappearance of the manuscript, they both at length concluded that it must have been entrusted by the author to the care of some confidential friend.

"A lucky thought has just struck me;" said the German. "A few days before the arrest of the Hollander, an intimate friend came to visit him—I know that they entertain the same sentiments of the emperor—I will stake my life that the manuscript is in his possession."

This hint was enough for the wily agent. "Where is this man to be found?" he eagerly inquired. "He lives in the environs of Prague, in Bohemia, his name is Schulster." "What is his rank of life?" "He is only a private citizen, but rich, a man of about forty, a little above the common size, but well shaped, he has been a widower about two years; and has an only child, a daughter about four years old."

"What are his pursuits, and his predominant passions?"

"He is fond of study, and of the fine arts; and particularly attached to women."

"If he is remarkable for his fondness for women, *I am sure of him*," said de M——, with exultation. "If I succeed you shall yet receive your thousand crowns; in the meantime, here are five hundred francs, as a reward for this information."

De M—— immediately returned to Paris. Nothing could be more desirable, and nothing more easy, to a widower in the vigour of life, and strongly attached to the fair sex, than to introduce him to the acquaintance of a young and beautiful woman, possessed of the most fascinating charms and accomplishments. His plan was quickly conceived, and his measures immediately taken.

Among the nymphs of the *Cytherian Cohort*, the young and beautiful Mademoiselle D——s, was particularly distinguished.

In early youth she had lost her parents, who were very respectable.

They left her in possession of a fortune, which, had her desires been moderate, would have been amply sufficient to have satisfied them; but an unrestrained passion for pleasure and expensive luxury, and an excessive love of play, produced her ruin. Nature had lavished on this female all her bounties; her attractions whether of person, or taste, or talents, were perfectly irresistible. What added greatly to the value and force of her attractions, was her seeming unconsciousness of possessing them. To her personal charms and seductive manners, was superadded an intimate knowledge of all the intrigues of high life, and refined society. To obtain the means of gratifying her extravagance and her passion for living, she became for some time, the mistress of a German nobleman, whose means would not allow him to maintain for a long time so expensive a conquest; yet like a gallant and honest lover, he determined she should not be left unprovided for, after his abandonment.

He therefore contrived to place her at the head of those artful syrens, who had sold themselves to the secret police. This post was not the least lucrative in the power of the government to bestow.

As the part to be acted on the present occasion, was one which required superior adroitness, and the exercise of much skill and cunning; she was promised that her salary should be increased to an hundred times its stated amount, in case she should secure the important manuscript.

No person in the world could be found better fitted for the undertaking than Mademoiselle D——s. Besides her other accomplishments, she possessed a perfect knowledge of the German language, which she spoke with great ease and fluency.

After receiving her instructions from de M——, she took a passport in the name of Bridget Adelaide Salnier, representing herself to be a young widow travelling into Germany for her health.

Her secret instructions were as follows:—

"You will immediately proceed to

Prague, in Bohemia. On your arrival, you will secretly obtain a knowledge of the residence of M. Schustler, and all the information in your power respecting him. Under the pretext of enjoying a pure air necessary to your health, you will express a wish to live in the country, and take your measures so as to obtain lodgings as near as possible to his residence. To effect this object you may pursue any means in your power—spare no expense. The management of the rest is left to your own sagacity and discretion.”

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D——s had no difficulty in obtaining all the information she wished for—and immediately purchased a house near the residence of M. Schustler.

Scarcely was the lovely spy established in the neighbourhood, before an opportunity occurred to commence her operations. Amongst other things, she found out that he was in the habit of going very often to Prague, and she took her measures accordingly. All her domestics consisted of one man and a woman. She bought for her own use, two beautiful horses, and few riders were more dexterous or more skilful than herself, in all the arts of horsemanship.

One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was gone to town, she mounted her horse, and accompanied by her servant, set out with a view of meeting her neighbour, as he should be returning home. As she descried him at a distance, pretending to be overcome with the heat of the weather, she alighted, and reclined on the grassy turf by the road side, with the bridle of her horse dangling on her arm, and her veil artfully drawn over her face. As if alarmed at the noise of the approaching carriage, she suddenly sprung up like one terrified by some unexpected danger. Her horse was actually affrighted; and started back some paces, when the gallant M. Schustler, alarmed for the lady, threw himself from his carriage and ran to her assistance. At this moment the fair enchantress withdrew her veil, and displayed to the wondering eyes of the German, the most captivating charms.

At the sight of so much beauty, he gazed in silent admiration. For some moments he was unable to speak. At length recovering from his surprise—“Pardon me, Madam,” said he, “if I have undesignedly disturbed your repose, I should regret the accident most sincerely, had it not afforded me the opportunity of beholding your charms, than which, heaven itself has never produced any thing more lovely.”

“What you call disturbing my repose,” said the fascinating beauty, “is of no sort of consequence. As to the very civil expressions you have been pleased to use, permit me to observe that you are still young, and that I very well know how to estimate them.”

As she said this, she very gracefully remounted her horse. The German, afraid of losing sight of her, seized the reins of her horse, and exclaimed:—

“Why will you be so cruel, as thus suddenly to deprive me of the pleasure of gazing on your charms? If my intrusion is disagreeable to you, I will instantly withdraw, but if you are not reluctant to oblige me, have the goodness to inform me who is the angel whom I have the honour of addressing.”

“The *real gentleman*,” she replied, “can never permit himself in any way to offend an unprotected female. It is very natural you should wish to know who I am. Know then, sir, that I am a French widow, who have occupied for the last two days a mansion in this neighbourhood.”

“What, Madam! are you then the purchaser of Mons. J——’s house?”

“Yes, sir, that is the name of the person from whom I bought it.”

“Thank heaven! we are near neighbours. From my window I can enjoy the view of your residence. How unfortunate, Madam, that I have not yet had the happiness to visit you!”

“In truth, Sir,” she replied, with a fascinating smile, “the loss of time is not a matter of regret to either of us—for my house is hardly yet furnished. But I will candidly confess that as, in a country residence, nothing is so desirable as respectable society, and good neighbours, I am gratified by the hope of becoming better acquainted with you.” She then saluted her enraptured

victim with an enchanting smile, and disappeared.

M. Schustler was in a transport of joy. He was half frantic with the excess of pleasure this accident had afforded him, and his confident anticipations of the future happiness he should enjoy in the society of the lovely Saulnier. This was the name contained in her passport, and under this assumed appellation, she was destined in a short time to make dreadful ravages in the heart of the unsuspecting M. Schustler.

Early the next day, he paid a visit to his captivating neighbour. On seeing him leave his house, she placed herself at her piano, resolved to make use of every stratagem, and all the means of seduction, to secure her prey.

"Madam," said he on entering, "I have once already disturbed your slumbers; do not suffer me now to interrupt your amusements. Yesterday, I was charmed with your beauty, and now the delightful tones I hear thrill me with ecstasy."

"Have done with your flattery, neighbour, the manners of the country should be simple as nature, whose images they should always reflect."

"Nay, madam, do not mistake my honesty for deceit—my soul is unsullied by artifice or falsehood. I always frankly speak what I think, without any disguise; and therefore I cannot now refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart. A few words more, and you shall judge whether an impostor would have acted as I have done. Scarcely four and twenty hours have passed since I first beheld you; and if any cause whatever should compel me to relinquish the favourable sentiments with which you have inspired me, I hardly know whether I should have fortitude enough to survive the disappointment. And yet I am a father—yes! I am a tender and affectionate father. As he said this, tears gushed from his eyes. Madame Saulnier, who was resting on her piano, experienced a feeling which was undefinable; for till now her heart had been a stranger to such emotions. In her perturbation, she knew not how to reply. The language she had heard, and the unaffected sincerity with which it was

uttered, produced an agitation in her bosom which it had never felt before. Her eyes were intently fixed on Mons. Schustler. Never had she seen a man whom she so much admired. Her heart already confessed him the most engaging, and the most accomplished of his sex.

"Come, sir," said she, in a tone of captivating sweetness, "you shall remain and breakfast with me—you have delighted me to an excess, amounting almost to pain. How much do I regret that our acquaintance had not been formed at an earlier period!"

Encouraged by these tender expressions, M. Schustler replied—"Lovely Saulnier! the passion I feel for you needs not to boast of its duration—it is enough that it is irresistibly and for ever fixed in my bosom."

During breakfast, the conversation turned on the delights of friendship. On taking his leave M. Schustler said to her—"If you are not displeased with the acquaintance of one who feels for you more than a common interest, I will presume, madam, to solicit the happiness of receiving you at my house, at this hour to morrow."

"Your invitation, sir, is so flattering, and its manner so persuasive that I cannot refuse to accept it."

Left alone to herself, Madame Saulnier began to examine the state of her heart, as regarded her new lover. She did not pretend to resist or to dissemble her feelings. She often said to herself, as she has since acknowledged—"I came hither as a treacherous seducer, and lo! I am myself seduced." The change she underwent in consequence of her new attachment, was no less sincere and permanent, than it was sudden. She became ashamed of the part she had been bribed to act, and of the odious commission with which she was charged. "I wish to be contented with myself—I will not, therefore, consent to be the instrument of deceiving this generous and noble-minded man. I will to-morrow, disclose to him, *who I am, and what I have been.*"

She was received by Mons. Schustler, as if she had been an angel sent from heaven. He presented to her his young daughter, and rapturously ex-

claimed: "Behold, madam, the child, which before I had seen you, was to me the dearest object on earth.—Hereafter, when I see you together, I shall consider that in you, all the blessings of this world are united." Madame Saulnier overwhelmed the child with caresses. It may be supposed they were sincere, for she fondly imagined in the delirium of her feelings, that she was lavishing them on the father. She had fully resolved to open her whole heart to her amiable neighbour in the evening—but when the moment arrived, her heart failed her. In one of her letters to Paris, she thus expresses herself. "In the absence of M. Schustler, I feel the courage and intrepidity of a lion, as if I could freely disclose to him all my failings and all my various intrigues—but in his presence, I am no longer the same creature—my fortitude forsakes me—and I am unable to think of any thing but himself."

For two long months, did our lovers remain in this perplexing state of uncertainty. At length the importunity of Mr. Schustler, produced an *eclaircissement* to this distressing dilemma.—One day, after dinner, having expressed to her in the most animated terms, the sincerity of his passion he continued,

"If my lovely friend be as free as myself—if her heart own no engagement—and if my person and fortune are not despised—let her frankly avow her sentiments. If they be propitious to my wishes, she shall in two days become my wife, the mother of my child, and the author of my happiness."

"Before I reply to your generous and honourable proposal, permit me, my dear friend, to unfold to you my whole heart—Are you not afraid of regretting your choice? Do you know who I am?"

"Hold, madam; only suffer me to ask if you are free from any engagement."

"Most assuredly I am; as free as the winds."

"Have you no dislike to my person? May not my young daughter appear to you a troublesome charge?"

"Your daughter a charge; I will be to her the most affectionate of mothers. And as for you, my dear Schustler, I

will no longer pretend to conceal my sentiments. I candidly confess that I love you."

"And I," rapturously exclaimed the transported lover, "I adore, I idolize you. In the mean time, I want no further confessions, no more acknowledgments. If what you are about to say is intended to recommend yourself to my esteem, you may spare yourself the trouble—nothing can make me love you more sincerely than I now do—if on the contrary you have been guilty of indiscretions, it will be useless for me now to know them. Nothing can lessen the ardent passion I feel for you.—Thou lovely object of all my wishes—I desired only the confession of one secret—that most precious one has escaped you. I am satisfied."

Eight days after this, she received the hand of M. Schustler, at the foot of the altar. The commission with which she had been charged by the French government, remained as yet unexecuted. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his arrest, as of a circumstance which had come to her knowledge by mere accident.

"What!" said her husband,—"have you then heard of my friend's misfortune! I too was exposed to the most imminent danger, by that cursed business. It was to me he confided the fatal manuscript only a few days before his arrest, but on the first intimation of his seizure, I committed it to the flames."

His wife made no further inquiries—she immediately wrote to the principal agent concerned in her mission, acquainting him with the circumstances, and assuring him that his imperial majesty might make himself perfectly easy in regard to this affair—she had then ascertained that the memorial had been destroyed, and the emperor had nothing to fear.

Under various pretences, she excused herself to her employers for not returning to France; having found, as she said, in Bohemia a degree of happiness which her own country could not afford her.

Her confidential friend in Paris, who is now blind, and residing with her, was directed to dispose of all the effects of Madame Schustler; and she execu-

ted her orders with fidelity. It was from this friend that most of the particulars of this singular adventure have been obtained.

Thus was happily terminated an affair, commenced under auspices not the most favourable to the parties concerned—and thus, a lovely and accomplished woman, who had long regretted her aberrations from the paths of virtue, was restored to the enjoyment of respect and happiness.

Yet it makes one shudder to think how ruinous might have been the con-

sequences. To introduce a woman, of whose life and character he knew nothing, to be the partner of his home and fortunes, was highly culpable; especially as she was to act as mother to a beloved child. The choice of a husband or wife is the most serious circumstance of our lives: the blindness of passion often renders us wretched to the end of our days, when we perhaps, leave a numerous offspring still suffering under the calamities our folly created.

DON QUIXOTE, WITH NOTES.*

[Abridged from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for June.]

WE have no intention or inclination to entertain our readers with any remarks of our own on the great masterpiece of Cervantes. Indeed nothing we think, can be more sickening than the affectation, not uncommon among our modern reviewers, of entering upon long disquisitions concerning the merits of authors quite familiar to all the world—whose fame is settled—whose works are immortal—to be ignorant of whom is to be ignorant of every thing.

We cannot, however, omit the opportunity of calling attention to this new edition of Don Quixote.

We have had in England no less than four distinct translations of the best of all romances, and none of them bad ones; but it strikes us as something very strange, that until now we should never have had any edition whatever of any one of these translations, containing *notes*, to render the text intelligible. The text of Don Quixote, full as it is of allusions to history and romance, remained to all intents and purposes, without annotation, comment, or explanation; and of course, of the readers of Don Quixote, very few ever understood the meaning of Cervantes. A thousand of his happiest *hits* went for nothing.

This great blank has now been ably and fully supplied: and the English

reader is in possession of an edition of Don Quixote, not only infinitely superior to any that ever before appeared in England, but, so far as we are able to judge, much more complete and satisfactory than any one which exists in the literature of Spain herself. Mr. Dunlop, who in his history of fiction, has a most excellent chapter on Don Quixote, speaks as follows—

“The great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains, the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bear some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents of these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and Amadis de Gaul appears to have been used as his text. *Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of these works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affectation to those, who, unacquainted with the species of writing, pretend to pos-*

* The History of that ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha; translated from the Spanish, by Motteux. A new edition, with Copious Notes; and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. In five volumes. 8vo. 1822.

sess a lively relish for the adventures of *Don Quixote*. It is not to be doubted, however, that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we feel in the perusal of *Don Quixote*, is derived from the delineation of the scenery with which it abounds—the magnificent sierras—romantic streams and delightful vallies of a land which seems as it were the peculiar region of romance, from Cordoba to Roncesvalles. *There is also in the work a happy mixture of the stories and names of the Moors, a people who, in a wonderful degree, impress the imagination and affect the heart, in consequence of their grandeur, gallantry and misfortunes; and partly, perhaps, from the many plaintive ballads in which their achievements and fate are recorded.*”

It has been apparently the object of this edition to render all these allusions of which this intelligent critic speaks, intelligible; and we, in so far as a hasty perusal goes, are of opinion that its object has been completely accomplished. The text used is that of MOTTEUX, and this is, we think, out of all sight, the richest and best—although the editor himself seems to hint, now and then, something not unlike a partiality for the much older version of Shelton. Shelton's *Quixote* is undoubtedly well worthy of being studied by the English scholar; but it is far too antiquated an affair to serve the purposes of the English reader. That of Motteux is, if not so literally accurate, quite as essentially and substantially so; and Motteux, the translator of Cervantes and Rabelais, possesses a native humour which no other translator that we ever met with has approached.

It is only by extracts that we can hope to give any idea of the manner in which the present edition has been executed; and, therefore, we shall quote a few specimens without further preamble. The first volume contains an *Essay on Cervantes' Life and Writings*, in which the author says:—

“Even had Cervantes died without writing *Don Quixote*, his plays, (above all, his *Interludes* and his *Numancia*;) his *Galatea*, the beautiful dream of his

youth; his *Persiles*, the last effort of his chastened and purified taste; and his fine poem of the *Voyage of Parnassus*, must have given him at least the second place in the most productive age of Spanish genius. In regard to all the graces of Castilian composition, even these must have left him without a rival, either in that, or any other age of the literature of his country.

“Mr. Spence, the author of a late ingenious tour in Spain, seems to believe, what I should have supposed was entirely exploded, that Cervantes wrote his books for the purpose of ridiculing knight-errantry; and that, unfortunately for his country, his satire put out of fashion, not merely the absurd misdirection of the spirit of heroism, but that sacred spirit itself. But the practice of knight-errantry, if ever there was such a thing, had, it is well known, been out of date long before the age in which *Don Quixote* appeared; and as for the spirit of heroism, I think few will sympathize with the critic who deems it possible that an individual, to say nothing of a nation, should have imbibed any contempt, either for that or any other elevating principle of our nature, from the manly page of Cervantes. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill is the success with which he continually prevents us from confounding the absurdities of the knight-errant with the generous aspirations of the cavalier. For the last, even in the midst of madness, we respect *Don Quixote* himself. We pity the delusion, we laugh at the situation, but we revere, in spite of every ludicrous accompaniment, and of every insane exertion, the noble spirit of the Castilian gentleman.

“In the Notes appended to these volumes, an attempt has been made to furnish a complete explanation of the numerous historical allusions in *Don Quixote*, as well as of the particular traits in romantic writing, which it was Cervantes' purpose to ridicule in the person of his hero. Without having access to such information as has now been thrown together, it may be doubted whether any English reader has ever been able thoroughly to seize and

command the meaning of Cervantes throughout his inimitable fiction."

We shall now proceed to give a few specimens of the notes appended to these volumes. They are very copious; commonly as much as 40 or 50 closely printed pages to each of the 5 volumes of which the edition consists.

The name of BERNARD DE CARPIO, appears continually in the text of Don Quixote; but, except the satisfactory *nota bene*, given at the foot of one page, viz. "This was an old Spanish Captain, much renowned in their ballads and chronicles," no attempt had ever been made to introduce the English reader into any acquaintance with him. Among these notes, we find a great many curious particulars concerning him, collected from chronicles and ballads. We shall quote part of the first note in which he is mentioned.

"*Bernardo del Carpio*.—Of this personage, we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish History, or rather to Spanish Romance; in which the honour is claimed for him of slaying the famous Orlando, or Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, in the fatal field of Roncesvalles. His history is as follows:—

"The continence which procured for Alonzo, who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians, in the Asturias, about 795, the epithet of The Chaste, was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho, Count of Saldenha, Donna Ximena, sister of this virtuous prince, bore a son. Some historians attempt to gloss over this incident by alleging that a private marriage had taken place betwixt the

lovers: but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his own wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut the peccant princess up in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the Castle of Luna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, the famous Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish historians, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo del Carpio, remonstrated against the king's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given to Charlamagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

"In several of the old ballads, which record the real or imaginary feats of Bernardo, his royal uncle is represented as having shewn but little gratitude for the great champion's services, in the campaign against Charlemagne. It appears that the king had not relented in favour of Don Sancho, although he had come under some promise of that sort to his son, at the period when his (the son's) services were most necessary. The following is a translation of one of the oldest of the Spanish ballads in which this part of Carpio's story is told:

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

"With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

'A curse upon thee, cries the King, 'who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.'

'Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,
Cries Bernard, 'here my gage I fling before THE LIAR's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

'The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors brought and led, to make us slaves of France;
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Ronseval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompence abundant for it all.

'Your horse was down—your hope was flown—ye saw the faulchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine ;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

'Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But curse upon your paltring breath, the light he ne'er did see ;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and mangled limbs, were all they gave to me.

'The King that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back ;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe.'---

'Seize—seize him !'—loud the King doth scream—'There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream,—What ! Caitiffs, do ye fear ?
Seize—seize the traitor !'—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the faulchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death—cries Bernard, 'Here am I,
And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me ;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Conde, or Grandee.'

Then to his mouth his horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke ;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King to quake.

'Ha ! Bernard,' quoth Alphonso, 'what means this warlike guise ?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize.'---
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and Castile the jesting of that day."

Concerning THE CID,—Count Fernan Gonsalez of Castile,—Pedro the Cruel—the Infanta Oracca—the Moor Abindarraez—the Admiral Guarinos—Calainos the Moor—"The Great Captain"—and, in short, concerning the almost innumerable personages of Spanish history or romance, whose deeds are alluded to, and the ballads about them quoted by Don Quixote—we find notes in the same sort of style and fulness. The imitations or parodies of Amadis, Belianiss, &c. are always pointed out in a manner equally satisfactory—thus :

"*Amadis retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the poor rock.*—This is one of the most beautifully told of all the adventures of Amadis. The penitence of Don Quixote is one of the principal points of his imitation of Amadis—and the imitation is carried as close as is consistent with the general purposes of Cervantes. Amadis had just finished the conquest of the Firm Island—an enchanted region, seven leagues long by five broad, which was called *Insola*, or *Insula*, because it was almost surrounded by the sea, and *Firma Insula*, by reason of an isthmus connecting it with the Mainland. From this he departed for the court of Sobradisa, the

sovereignty of which country was then in the hands of the beautiful Queen Briolanja. The peerless Oriana being informed of this new expedition, conceived certain feelings of jealousy, and sent him, by her page Burin, a letter full of haughty complaints, forbidding him ever to appear again in her presence. The letter was superscribed, 'I am the damsel wounded with the point of the sword through the heart, and thou art he that hast wounded me' Amadis, on receiving this communication, sunk forthwith into the profoundest melancholy, left all his adventures 'cut off in the middle,' and withdrew to do penance in solitude. Having no farther occasion for the services of his Esquire Gandalin, he appointed him governor of the Firm Island—as in due time Sancho himself becomes governor of Barataria. Amadis chose to consult Andalod, a certain hermit, who inhabited a dismal place, called the Poor Rock, in the midst of the sea, and, by his direction, he established there the seat of his miseries, assuming at the same time, for the reasons above mentioned, the name of Beltenebros. Here Amadis devoted himself to a life of the most exemplary piety, hearing the matins and vespers of the ancient Andalod, confessing himself every noon, and spending all the rest of the four-and-twenty hours in tears and lamentations. Now and then, however, he composed poems on the rigour of Oriana ; and accordingly we find, that Don Quixote also developes a

vein both of music and poetry in the sequel when he sings to the guitar a canzonet of his own composition, for the purpose of being overheard by Altesidora, the duchess' maid. The deliverance of the Don from his

afflictions on the Sierra Morena is also copied from Amadis, in whose history the Damsell of Denmark plays a part, not unlike that which is devised for the fair Dorothea in this book of Don Quixote.

Even after all that Mr. Southey and Mr. Frere have done, every thing about the Cid is delightful, so we shall give one of the many ballads concerning him as translated in this edition. The story of it is evidently a very apocryphal one ; but that is no great matter. Don Quixote quotes it as gravely as it were gospel.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

“ It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter's dome.
' Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they ?—' Seven kings do sit thereon,
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy father's throne.

' The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show ;
For his great puissance, the King of France next to the Pope may sit,
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit.'—

' Ha !' quoth the Cid, ' now God forbid ! it is a shame, I wiss,
To see the Castle* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†
No harm, I hope, good father Pope, although I move thy chair.'
In pieces small he kick'd it all, ('twas of the ivory fair.)

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day ;
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly,
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounc'd the awful ban ;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be said.

I wot when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed father's knee :
' Absolve me, blessed father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree.'—

' Who is this sinner,' quoth the Pope, ' that at my foot doth kneel ?'—
' I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor Baron of Castille.'
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say,
' Rise up, rise up,' the Pope he said, ' I do thy guilt away.

' I do thy guilt away,' he said, ' and my curse I blot it out ;
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout.
I trow if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor.' "

The following is of a different class.

" *Castille had a Count Fernan Gonzalez, Valentia, a Cid, &c.*—The story of Fernan Gonzalez is detailed in the *Chronica Antiqua de Espana*, with so many romantic circumstances, that certain modern critics have been inclined to consider it as entirely fabulous. Of the main facts recorded, there seems, however, to be no good reason to doubt ; and it is quite certain, that, from the earliest times, the name of Fernan Gonzalez has been held in the highest honour by the Spaniards themselves, of every degree. He lived at the beginning of the 10th

century. It was under his rule, according to the chronicles, that Castille first became a powerful and independent state, and it was by his exertions that the first foundations were laid of that system of warfare, by which the Moorish power in Spain was at last overthrown. He was so fortunate as to have a wife as heroic as himself, and both in the chronicles and in the ballads abundant justice is done to her merits. She twice rescued Fernan Gonzalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and had proceeded so far on his way to that prince's court, when he

* The arms of Castile.

† The arms of France.

was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy the Amazonian Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre.—Sancha, the young princess, whose alliance he had solicited, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation; and having done so by bribing his jailor, she accompanied his flight to Castille. Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His countess, feigning a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostello, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and af-

terwards, in the course of her progress, permission to pass one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him; and he was so fortunate as to pass in his disguise through the guards who attended on him—his courageous wife remaining in his place—exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the tower of London, on the 23d, of February, 1715. There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads, concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonsalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest of these—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.

COUNT FERNAN GONSALEZ.

‘ They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castille,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
‘ To the rescue! to the rescue, ho! they have ta’en Fernan Gonsalez.’

A noble knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcayde of the tower, in secret thus said he,
‘ These bezaunts fair with thee I’ll share, so I this lord may see.’

The Alcayde was full joyful, he took the gold full soon,
And he brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;
He let him out at morning, at the grey light of the prime,
But many words between these lords had pass’d within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta’en,
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but at the evening tide
He speaks to Garci’s daughter, within her bower aside;
‘ Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

‘ The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian when Castille has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o’er the land;
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonsalez’ hand!

‘ Gonsalez loves thee, lady, he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Cava’s head, it may be shared by thee;
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonsalez free.’

The lady answer’d little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta’en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcayde with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that jailor false hath sold.

She took Gonsalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,
She said, ‘ Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you.’

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kiss’d her, brow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

‘ Now stop! now stop!’ the priest he said, (he knew them both right well,)
‘ Now stop and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for if my words you scorn,
I’ll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn.’

* * * * *

The base priest's word Gonzalez heard, 'Now, by the rood!' quoth he,
'A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be.'
But in his ear she whisper'd, she whisper'd soft and slow,
And to the priest she beckon'd within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters press'd his knees,
Yet as he could he follow'd within the shady trees.
'For help, for help, Gonzalez! for help,' he hears her cry,
'God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh.'

He has come within the thicket, there lay they on the green,
And he has pluck'd from off the grass the false priest's javelin;
Firm by the throat she held him bound, down went the weapon sheer,
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapp'd him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way; his palfrey served their need:
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread—
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below;
'Gramercy!' quoth Gonzalez, 'or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.'

'Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castille!* with me;
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine.' "

We have quoted so many of these fine ballads, that we are sure it is unnecessary for us to comment on their merits. We shall, therefore extract one more, and have done. It shall be "the Song of the Admiral Guarinos,"—the same which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are described as hearing sung by "*a labourer going to his work at day-break,*" in one of the most beautiful passages that can be pointed out in the whole of the Romance.

GUARINOS.

"The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chace was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

'Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I; all the day thy handmaid one shall be,
The other, (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave;
The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

'If more thou wishest, more I'll give—speak boldly what thy thought is.'
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes;
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian Captain was:

'Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another;
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain;
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain.'

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be led away ;
Away unto the dungeon-keep beneath its vault to lie,
With fetters bound in darksome deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands. That sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doom'd never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom
To see God's day-light bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom ;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Sampson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout, to be a sport and show.

On three high-feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are come and gone,
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist, John ;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride, and pierce it with the spear ;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish shaft so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale ;
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
Nor child should suck, nor man should eat, till the mark was tumbled down.

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty sound,
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
' Now, help me, God ! ' the captive cries, ' what means this din so loud ?
O, Queen of Heaven ! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud ;

' O, is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned Fair in triumph to his bed ?
Or is it that the day is come, one of the hateful three,
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make Heathen game of me ?'

These words the jailor chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,
' These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed,
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

' This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way ;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.'

Then out and spake Guarinos, ' O ! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
O ! were I mounted as of old, and harness'd cap-a-pee,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

' Give me my grey, old Trebizond, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparison'd, with mail on breast and head,
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture—I'll yield it on the spot.'

The jailor wonder'd at his words. Thus to the knight said he,
' Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee ;
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear ;
An' if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the king repair.'

The jailor put his mantle on, and came unto the king,
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring ;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,
And arm'd with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,

What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king, 'Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the Grange go seek ye for his old grey steed of worth ;
His arms are rusty on the wall—seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge.

Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword ;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die,
So, Jailor, gird his harness on, and bring your champion high.'

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuissers well they've clasp'd,
And they've barr'd the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasp'd
And they have caught the old grey steed, the horse of Trebizond,
And he stands bridled at the gate—once more caparison'd.

When the knight came out, the Moors did shout, and loudly laugh'd the king,
For the horse he pranced and caper'd, and furiously did fling ;
But Guarinos whisper'd in his ear, and look'd into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

Oh ! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee ;
Again the heathen laugh'd aloud,—“ All hail, sir knight,” quoth he,
' Now do thy best, thou champion proud. Thy blood I look to see.'

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trod.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life.—The land of France lies there !

We have now done enough to make known to our readers the literary character of this edition.—But why deprive the noble Don of his usual accompaniments of engravings ? We cannot away with the want of Sancho's flying out of the carpet—Don Quixote hanging from the hole in the wall, &c. Smirke's designs are admirable ; but the native old Spanish ones of Castillo, engraved in the academy's large edition of 1781, are infinitely the best.

The notes, read continuously, and without reference to the text they so admirably illustrate, would form a most delightful book. Indeed, what can be more interesting than such a collection of rare anecdotes, curious quotations from forgotten books, and beautiful versions of most beautiful ballads ? Printed in a volume by themselves, these notes would constitute one of the most entertaining *Ana* in our language, or in any other that we are acquainted with.

APHORISMS, THOUGHTS, AND OPINIONS ON MORALS.

(European Magazine.)

OUR duties are so closely linked together that, as the breaking one pearl from a string of pearls hazards the loss of all, so the violation of one duty endangers the safety of every other.

Where is the mortal, who can venture to pronounce that his actions are of importance to no one, and that the consequences of his virtues and his vices will be confined to himself alone ?

Women reason, and men feel, when passing judgment on female beauty ; and when a woman declares another

to be plain, the chances are that she is right in her opinion ; as she cannot, because she is a woman herself, feel that charm, “ that something than beauty dearer,” which often throws a veil over irregularity of features, and sometimes obtains for even a plain woman, from men at least, the appellation of pretty.

A woman is never so likely to be the fool of love, as when it assails her late in life ; especially if a lover be as great a novelty to her as the passion itself—“ Love,” it has been wittily ob-

served, "like the small-pox, pits deepest in old subjects."

Any connexion between the sexes, that is founded on a guilty disregard of sacred and positive institutions, cannot long be productive of happiness; even though the reasonings of perverted intellect, and the persuasions of self-love, have convinced the offending parties that such an union is wise and virtuous.

Such offenders, while secluded from society, may fancy themselves happy; but as soon as society resumes, in any way, its power and opportunity of operating on their happiness, that happiness must necessarily vanish; as a dead body, which has been preserved from decay by being entirely excluded from the external air, moulders into dust as soon as ever it is exposed to its influence.

The wish to say lessening things of those, of whom one hears extravagant commendations, is, I fear, common to almost every one; even where the object praised comes in no competition with oneself.

The strongest of all ties is the consciousness of mutual benefit and assistance.

We are all of us too apt to repeat stories to the prejudice of others, even though we do not believe them.—Well indeed does St. James say, that, "the tongue is an unruly member."

There are defects in character, which can be known only by means of an intimate connection, and which co-habitation can alone call forth—for inattention to trifles is a general and a most destructive failing, and many a conjugal union, which has never been assailed by the battery of crime, has fallen a victim to the slowly undermining power of petty quarrels, trivial unkindnesses, and thoughtless neglect; like the gallant officer, though escaping unhurt from the rage of battles both by land and water, tempest, or sea, and earthquake on shore, returns perhaps to his native country, and perishes by the power of a slow fever.

Some persons are so deficient in what may be called delivery of *mental talk*, that they are nearly unconscious of the wounds, which they inflict by

"———The word whose meaning kills, yet told,
The speaker wonders that you thought it cold."

They are unconscious that opportunities of conferring large benefits, like bank bills for £1,000, rarely come into use; but that little attentions, friendly participations, and kindnesses are wanted daily, and, like small change, are necessary to carry on the business of life and happiness.

Where the conduct is not founded on religious, and consequently, on immutable principles, we may not err while temptation is absent; but when once we are exposed to its presence, and its power, we are capable of falling even into the very vices the most abhorrent to our nature.

It is only too true that wounds however little, which are inflicted on our self-love, are never forgotten or forgiven, and that it is safer to censure the morals of our acquaintance, than to ridicule a defect in their dress, a peculiarity in their manners, or a fault in their persons.

To bear and forbear is the grand surety of happiness, and therefore ought to be the great study of life, and what is it but that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, and is not easily provoked."

What a forcible lesson, and what an impressive warning to the tempted amongst women, are contained in the following extracts from a work of Madame de Stael! "Though it is possible to love and esteem a woman, who has expiated the faults of her youth by a sincere repentance; and though before God and man her errors may be obliterated, still there exists one being, in whose eyes she can never hope to efface them—and that is, her lover or her husband." No—she has obscured her own image in his bosom, and tho' he must as a fellow-sinner forgive, he can never forget her degradation.

It is certain that though the agency of the passions be necessary to the *existence* of society, it is on the cultivation and influence of the affections, that the happiness and improvement of social life depend.

A child's education ought to begin from the first hours of its existence; and the mother, who understands her

task, knows that the circumstances which every moment calls forth, are the tools with which she is to work, in order to fashion her child's mind and character.

How pernicious is an aptitude to call the experience of ages, contemptible prejudices—how dangerous is it to our well being, to embrace and possess opinions, which tend to destroy our sympathies with general society, and which are likely to make us aliens to the hearts of those amongst whom we live.

Whatever may be the ill conduct of a husband, that wife must be deluded indeed, who thinks his culpability an excuse for her's, or seeks to revenge herself on her tormentor by following the bad example which he sets her. She is not wiser than the child, who, to punish the wall against which he has struck his head, dashes his fist against it in the vehemence of his vengeance, and is himself the only sufferer from the blow.

Natural affection, as it is called, is chiefly in human beings the result of habit, and a series of care, tenderness, mutual kindness, and good offices.

There is nothing more dangerous to the virtuous, and to the interests of virtue, than association with the guilty, who possess amiable and attractive qualities—for that salutary hatred, which we feel towards vice itself, must necessarily be destroyed by it; and I believe that our detestation of vice can be securely maintained, only by keeping ourselves at a degree of distance from the vicious.

Love, like some fair plants of rare quality, flourishes most in retired

places. It flies the glaring sunshine of crowded scenes, or puts forth a few gaudy feeble flowers there, which live their little hour, then droop and die. But in retirement, and in the still shade of solitude, it strikes a deep and lasting root—it requires no hand to plant it there, no care to nourish it, no rich soil to manure it.

The pen of the anonymous letter is held by a hand that would, but for the fear of the law, delight to wield the stiletto of the assassin; for in his heart lurk feelings the most terrible and depraved, while he cruelly calumniates the unoffending innocent, by accusing them either to themselves or others, of crimes the most abhorrent to their natures; and pores over his baleful manuscript with the grin of a fiend, as he is about to impel a poisoned arrow into the breast of those, who never perhaps, even in thought, offended him.

Every one has some kind friend who, on pretence of expressing his or her sorrow for one's injuries, takes care to inform one of some detracting observation of which one has been the object; and, which, but for their odious officiousness, one should never have known.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute, and those, who have once so far compromised with their consciences as to resist its pleadings to sincerity, and can be contented to be praised for actions which they have not performed, have laid the foundation stone of future vice; and obscured, perhaps for life, the fair image of virtue in their bosom.

Sketches of London Society.

BELZONI'S EGYPTIAN TOMB.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

AFTER mounting a steep and dark staircase, the first sentence we heard was uttered by a lady, who exclaimed, 'O dear, how hot the Tomb is!' and another remarked 'That there was not light sufficient to see the gods.' The groups scattered round formed a striking contrast to the scene itself:—at the entrance were two large animals,

of the Sphinx species, formed of granite, with lion's heads, and between them was an elderly man, in the act of masticating tobacco, whose countenance bore a strong likeness to them. Two or three young women, simply but elegantly attired, with their graceful attitudes, and undulating draperies, formed an agreeable contrast to the

stiff and disproportioned forms of the grotesque Egyptian female figures.

"A party of school boys were amusing themselves by discovering likenesses to each other in the monstrous deities displayed on the wall; and a governess was answering the inquiries of her young pupils, 'If there ever existed men with lion's, apes', and foxes' heads?' by sententiously reading extracts from Belzoni's Description, not a word of which the little innocents could understand. One old lady remarked, that 'The Tomb was not at all alarming, when people got used to it;' and another said it made her melancholy, by reminding her of the death of her dear first husband, the worthy Alderman, to whose memory she had erected a very genteel one.' Two vulgar-looking old men, declared their conviction that 'it was all a hum, for had there been such a place, Lord Nelson would have said *summut* about it in his despatches;' and another person of the same class said, that 'For his part he did not like foreigners; and why did no Englishman ever find out this *here* place? he should not wonder if, in the end, Mr. Belzoni, or whatever his name is, was found out to be like that Baron who wrote so many fibs.' The first speaker observed, that 'Any man, who would go for to say, as *how* men had apes' faces (though his own bore a striking likeness to one) would say any thing.'

"A gentleman who appeared to be a tutor, and two young lads, were attentively examining the model, and comparing it with Belzoni's Narrative; and the questions they asked, and the observations which they made, shewed a spirit of inquiry and intelligence pleasing to witness; while his answers full of good sense and information, marked how well qualified he was to convey instruction.

"'The tomb levels all distinctions,' though a trite observation, is one the truth of which has never been doubted; and, if it were, a visit to that of Psammis would convince the most incredulous; for here persons of all ranks meet, and jostle each other with impunity. The fine lady, who holds her *vinai-grette* to her nostrils, and remarks to

her attending beau, 'What a dreadfully shocking place it is!' and that 'there is not a single person of fashion there,' is elbowed by a fat red-faced woman, who looks like the mistress of a gin-shop, and who declares to her spouse that 'She would give a shilling for a glass of aniseed; for looking at *them there* mummies made her feel so queerish.'

"An old lady, and her two grand-daughters, are examining the Pyramid; the old lady has got on a pair of spectacles, and is, with evident labour, endeavouring to decypher a page of the Description; but unfortunately she has got a wrong page, and having puzzled herself for some time, at last gives up the task in despair; and in answer to one of the children's questions of 'Grand-mamma, what is a Pyramid?' the good old lady replies, 'Why, a Pyramid, my dear, is a pretty ornament for the centre of a table, such as papa sometimes has instead of an epergne.'

"A simple-looking country girl is remarking to her companion, that 'This is not a bit like a tomb;' for that she had seen many, but they were all quite different, being small and much of the shape of a large trunk, and all has 'Here lies the body,' or some such thing on them, with cross bones, death's heads, and hour glasses.'

"Two ladies of fashion now enter, attended by two *Exquisites* or *Dandies* of the first class, and their exclamations of 'What an odd place!' 'O dear, how disagreeable the smell is!' attract the notice of the fine lady before mentioned, who has been engaged in a flirtation with her beau for the last half hour; they now recognise each other, and the languid 'How d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you; how very funny that we should meet in the tomb!' are uttered at once by all three: and one of the *Exquisites*, who appears to be of the sentimental cast, takes this opportunity of lisping out, that 'The presence of such divinities converts the tomb into a heaven.'" A vulgar-looking man, who has been listening to their chit-chat, and eyeing them with derision, whispers, but in audible accents, to his wife, a pretty modest looking woman, 'My eye! did you hear what that *there* young pale-faced chap said

to *them there* painted women, about going to heaven?—They don't seem to have any more chance of that sort of place than they have thoughts of it just now.' The wife gives him an imploring look to be quiet, and whispers, that she believes the ladies are no better than they should be, by their bold looks, and loud speaking, and urges him to go to the other side."

"The party of fashionables now approached, and one of the ladies exclaimed, 'Do pray let us leave this tiresome stupid place, where there is not a single thing to be seen worth looking at, and where the company is so intolerably vulgar. I really fancied it was a fashionable morning lounge, where one would meet every soul worth meeting in town, for, as to looking at a set of Egyptian frights, it never entered into my head; I have not heard of Egypt since my governess used to bore me about it when I was learning geography; and as to tombs and pyramids, I have a perfect horror of them.' Another of the ladies observed, that she 'hated every thing Egyptian ever since she had heard of the plagues.' And the third begged, 'that in decrying Egypt and its productions, they would except Egyptian pebbles, which were beautiful, and took an exquisite polish.'

"'Oh! pray do look at the female ornaments,' exclaimed one of the ladies; 'did you ever see such horrid things? Only fancy any woman of taste wearing them: well, I declare those same Egyptians must have been dreadfully vulgar, and the women must have looked hideously when adorned in such finery. How surprised they would have been at seeing Wirgman's beautiful trinkets, or the sweet tasteful jewellery at Howel and James!'" 'I have always thought,' replied one of the *Exquisites*, 'these lines in Shakspeare very absurd where he says—

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

[A neat volume has just issued from the press, entitled "Sketches and Fragments," by the Author of "The Magic Lantern," which pleasing little work, we mentioned at the period of its publication, was from the pen of Lady Blessington. The present elegant companion to it is consequently the production of the same accomplished lady, whose taste and good feeling are perhaps still more delightfully exhibited in its pages than in those of its precursor. As an example of both, we have for this part of our work selected one of the Sketches.

For no fine woman ever looks half so well, as when she wears diamonds and other valuable ornaments.'"

"Some young people, attended by their mother, a very showy dressed woman, with many indications of vulgarity in her appearance, now stopped before the ruins of the Temple of 'Erments;' and one of the children asked her, what place 'the water before them was meant to represent.'—The mamma replied, she, 'believed it was the Red Sea, or some such place,' but recommended them not to ask questions, as it would lead people to think them ignorant. This sapient answer seemed very unsatisfactory to the children, who, having expressed their annoyance, were promised a copy of the Description, provided they did not look at it until they got home, as mamma was in a hurry.

"A lady next us, enquired 'if Egypt was near Switzerland?' and was informed by her friend that it 'was near Venice.'—The ignorance displayed by the greater part of the visitors of the Tomb, on historical, geographical, and chronological points, was truly surprising, and the perfect apathy evinced, was even more so. It was plain that they came to the Tomb merely to pass away an hour, or in the expectation of meeting their acquaintances; but as to feeling any interest in the scene before them, or drawing any moral inference from it, they seemed as little inclined, as if they had been in the round room of the Opera House on a crowded night. Wrapt up in their own self-satisfied ignorance, the works or monuments of antiquity boast no attractions for them; and, strange to say, the metropolis of a country that professes to surpass all others in civilization and morals, presents, in some of its inhabitants, examples of ignorance and want of reflection, scarcely equalled in any other part of the civilized world."

Voyages and Travels.

TRAVELS IN BABYLONIA, &c. BY SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.*

VOL. II.

JOURNEYING through Media from Ecbatana, now Hamadan, its ancient capital, our countryman took a westerly course, and examined the sculpture at Be-Sitoon, which, from his description, seems to bear a strong resemblance to the string of captives in one of Belzoni's chambers. It is conjectured that the conquest of Israel by Salmenezer, King of Assyria and the Medes, may be celebrated by these figures, &c.

From Dermanshah Sir Robert took the direct road to Bagdad, passing from Persia into the ancient Assyria. Just before entering Irak Arabi, the escort and the pilgrim-host which had joined company were attacked by Arabs; but these banditti did not press their hostilities to any real injury. Not so fortunate were the travellers when assailed by the pestilential winds which prevail in this quarter. Many of the party were seized with illness, and the author thus relates its cause:—

-- "In order to while away my anxiety in this untoward detention, I sent for the master of the khaun, to make some enquiries respecting the country and its inhabitants. He told me that they consider October the first month of their autumn, and feel it delightfully cool in comparison with July, August, and September; for that during forty days of the two first named summer months, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. Its title is very appropriate, being called the Samiell or Baude Semoon, the pestilential wind. It does not come in continued long currents, but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. No one dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the threatened mischief. Though hostile to human

life it is so far from being prejudicial to the vegetable creation, that a continuance of the Samiell tends to ripen the fruits. I enquired what became of the cattle during such a plague, and was told they seldom were touched by it. It seems strange that their lungs should be so perfectly insensible to what seems instant destruction to the breath of man, but so it is, and they are regularly driven down to water at the customary times of day, even when the blasts are at the severest. The people who attend them, are obliged to plaster their own faces, and other parts of the body usually exposed to the air, with a sort of muddy clay, which in general protects them from its most malignant effects. The periods of the winds blowing are generally from noon till sunset; they cease almost entirely during the night; and the direction of the gust is always from the north-east. When it has passed over, a sulphuric and indeed loathsome smell like putridity, remains for a long time. The poison which occasions this smell, must be deadly; for if any unfortunate traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast, he falls immediately; and, in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption, that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other. When we listen to these accounts, we can easily understand how the Almighty, in whose hands are all the instruments of nature, to work even the most miraculous effects, might, by this natural agent of the Samiell brought from afar, make it the brand of death by which the destroying angel wrought the destruction of the army of Sennacherib."

At the place of which we are now treating, Sir Robert was about eighty-five miles from Bagdad; the route lying through a howling wilderness of lions, wolves, hyenas, and jackals, which he passed in safety, and entered that famous city on the 17th of Octo-

* Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. in 1817 and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. II. London, 1822.

ber, or in twenty-six days from Hamadan. The difference of habits, &c. is well marked :

"A stranger arriving from Irak Ajem, into this renowned capital of Irak Arabi, cannot fail being instantly struck with the marked difference between the people before him, and those he left north of the mountains. There, the vesture was simple and close, though long, with a plain-hilted knife stuck in the girdle, and the head of the wearer covered with a dark cap of sheep skin. Here, the outer garment is ample and flowing, the turban high and superbly folded, and the costly shawl round the waist additionally ornamented with a richly embossed dagger. With personages in every variety of this gorgeous costume, I saw the streets of Bagdad filled on my entrance. Monstrous turbans of all hues, pelisses, and vests, of silk, satins, and cloths, in red, blue, green, yellow, of every shade and fabric, clothed the motley groupes who appeared every where; some slowly moving along the streets, others seated cross-legged on the ground, or mounted on benches by the way-side, sipping their coffee, and occasionally inhaling a more soporific vapour from their gilded pipes, with an air of solemnity not to be anticipated by such a tulip-garbed fraternity. The contrasted appearance of the gaily coloured, and gloomily pompous Turk, when compared with the parsimoniously clad Persian, sombre in appearance even to the black dye of his beard, yet accompanied with the most lively and loquacious activity of body and mind, amused me much; and in traversing these characteristic paths, I could not but recollect I was now in the far-famed city of the caliphs, the capital of Haroun-al-Raschid, through whose remote avenues he and his faithful vizier used to wander by night, in disguise, to study the characters of his subjects, and to reign with justice. But history was not alone, in busying the memory with recollections; the delightful tales of childhood started up along with her, and remembrances of the *Arabian Nights* seemed to render the whole a sort of eastern classic ground, consecrating its bazaars, mosques, palaces, and

even cobbler's stalls, to a kind of romantic celebrity."

At the capital of Assyria and Babylonia, Sir Robert was most cordially entertained by Mr. Rich of whom he speaks in the highest terms. The Pasha of Bagdad, Dowd or David, can raise no force much exceeding 10,000 men: and the Arabs around him are in a state of complete insubordination. Respecting the seat of his government, the following extract gives information:—

"The latitude of Bagdad, from the mean observations taken by Mr. Rich and others, is $33^{\circ}19'40''$, and the longitude east of Greenwich, $44^{\circ}44'45''$. The climate in general has the advantage of parts of Persia, in not being variable in such violent extremes; but then its warmest months are certainly insufferable from the abiding effects of the 40 days' prevalence of the consuming samiel. At that season, the thermometer frequently mounts in the shade from 120 to 140 degrees of heat, according to Fahrenheit. When the heat reaches 100 degrees, the inhabitants betake themselves to the refuge of certain arched apartments, called the Zardaub; constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose. From their situation they can have no windows; therefore catch their glimpse of daylight as it may glimmer through the doors from the chambers above. Thin matting supplies the place of carpets, and every precaution and method is pursued, that can bring coolness to these gloomy abodes; where the chief part of the natives of Bagdad pass the whole of the sultry day, while the atmosphere without retains its more scorching fires. At sun-set each family issues from their subterranean shelters, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the arch of heaven. And under the same free canopy, "fanned by tepid airs," they spread their bedding along the variously disposed divisions of the roof; whose irregular forms are so contrived, to catch at every zephyr's breath that passes. In these elevated apartments, the natives repose, until the close of October; at which time the days become comparatively cool;

and sudden blasts blowing up during the night, from the north, and south-east, render sleeping in the open air dangerous."

"The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad, are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf.—Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ancles. Silver and golden tissued muslins, not only form their turbans, but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds, and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ancles, open before, and of a grey colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

"But to return to the ladies of the

higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show; which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night.—At twelve o'clock, supper is produced; when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruit, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet, and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology, she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding that the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making, in all, a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult, and joyful strains of this conviviality, gradually become fainter and fainter; first one, and then another of the visitors, (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god) sink down under the drowsy influence; till, at length, the whole carpet is covered with these sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids," the

faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness; and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the ablutional devotions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water, and the muttering of prayers; presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing

shower; and tripping lightly forward, with garments, and, perhaps, looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again, into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalious, as before, accompanying every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate; after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

Original Poetry.

SONGS.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AH, look upon those withered flowers,
And look upon that broken lute!
Why are those roses scentless, dead?
Why are those gentle chords so mute?

A sun-beam pass'd and kissed those flowers,
Waked the young bloom, the incense sigh;
But darkling clouds came o'er that ray,
The rose was left to droop, to die.

A wind breathed by and waked the lyre,
Oh never had it such a sound;
But soon the gale too rudely swept—
The lute lay broken on the ground!

These things are emblems of my heart;
And what has been thine influence there?
You taught me first love's happiness,
How could you teach me love's despair!

LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

Light be around thee, hope be thy guide;
Gay be thy bark, and smooth be the tide;
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best
Greet the long-absent again to his rest;
Be thy life like glad music which floateth away
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.

But yet while thy moments in melody roll,
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul,
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—
Then think how your twilights were past away here.

And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be
Light as the dream of the morning to thee!
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine
May be granted to love so devoted as mine!

MORAL REFLECTIONS WRITTEN WHILE ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

I.

The man that pays his pence and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

II.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear what a hustle
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

III.

O! what are men?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

IV.

And what is life and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham-Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be, as near the sky,
— Fourteen hands high.

V.

What is the world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel
A tidy kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Ah me! hence could I read an admonition
To Mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and ball.

Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

On the most correct documents it is calculated that no less than *one hundred thousand* human creatures are likely to fall victims in Ireland, to Famine or Fever, in many cases to both; and if means are not *immediately* applied, other parts of Ireland, as well as the South and West, will most likely soon be visited with the same shocking scene of men, women, and children, living, or endeavouring to live, on the leaves of trees, sea weeds, and other vegetables, on which horses and dogs cannot be preserved alive: in consequence, the typhus fever is sweeping off hundreds of our fellow-creatures, where famine has not done so.

CANOVA'S DEAD CHRIST.

Canova is executing at Rome a new group of figures representing a dead Christ, the Virgin, and Mary Magdalene. The same subject has often been treated by artists, and, among others, by M. Angelo. It is, however, asserted, that Canova bears away the palm from all.

ANECDOTES.

Posthumous Travels.—The Royal Prussian General, Meme von Minutolt, lately made a scientific tour through Egypt and Syria, where he formed an excellent collection of Egyptian antiquities, and got safely from Alexandria to Trieste, where they were placed on board a vessel, to be conveyed to Berlin *via* Hamburg. During one of the late violent storms, the ship was unfortunately wrecked, between Heligoland and Cuxhaven. A few light boxes, containing mummies, were lately driven ashore on the coast of Balje, in the dukedom of Bremen. The country people, on opening them, were not a little terrified on finding that they contained dead bodies—which they immediately buried. The mummies have, however, been dug up, and delivered to the Prussian authorities.

ALOYS REDING.

When the French armies entered Switzerland, at the commencement of the revolution, Aloys Reding resumed the sword in favour of his country, and performed many splendid actions. But the armies of his enemies were too numerous, and treachery and cowardice thinned his own ranks. At length the time arrived which was to decide the issue of the contest. Certain death appeared to await the whole band of heroic Swiss. On the sublime heights of Morgarten, Reding appeared at the head of his troops. Morgarten had been a theatre for the performance of

great actions; and calling to mind the heroic achievements of ancient times, the brave general thus addressed his soldiers. "Comrades and fellow citizens! the decisive moment is arrived. Surrounded by enemies, and deserted by our friends, it only remains to know if we will courageously imitate the example formerly set by our ancestors among these magnificent mountains; indeed upon the spot on which we now stand. An almost instant death awaits us. If any one fear, let him retire; we will not reproach him; but let us not impose upon each other at this solemn hour. I would rather have a hundred men firm and steadfast to their duty, than a large army which, by flight, might occasion confusion; or by precipitous retreat, immolate the brave men who would still defend themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest danger. Death and no retreat! If you participate in my resolution, let two men come out of your ranks, and swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises."

When the chieftain had finished his address, his soldiers, who had been leaning on their arms, and listening in reverential silence, instantly hailed its conclusion with loud shouts of "we will never desert you;" "we will never abandon you;" "we will share your fate, whatever it may be." Two men then moved out of each rank, as Reding had desired; and giving their hands to their chief, confirmed the oath their comrades had taken. This treaty of alliance between the chief and his soldiers, was sworn in open day, and in one of the sublimest scenes in all Switzerland; a treaty which, as the historian Zochockle observes, bears marks of patriarchal manners worthy the simplicity of the golden age. These brave men fought and bled with the resolution of heroes, and the enthusiasm of patriots; but fate having for a time decreed the subjugation of their country, they fought therefore in vain.

SPIDER THREAD.

It had long been a question among philosophers, whether it was possible to render the labours of the spider subservient to the benefit of mankind. In the earlier part of the last century, this question was partially solved by M. Bon of Languedoc, who fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves, from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey colour.

The predatory habits of the spider, however, would seem to oppose an effectual barrier to their being bred up in sufficient numbers to render such a manufactory at all productive. The following arguments against the probability of any real or permanent advantage resulting from this attempt were published by Reaumur, whom the Royal Academy, had deputed to inquire into the matter.

The natural fierceness of spiders renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big ones soon killed and eat the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely one or two left in each cell; and to the inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. Reaumur also affirms, that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to that of the silk worm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty six grains. The thread of a silk worm will bear two drams and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silk-worm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty spaces from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less. This was noticed at the time the stockings were presented to the society by M. de la Hire. It was further observed, that spiders afford less silk than silk-worms, the largest bags of the latter weighing four grains, the smaller three grains, so that 2,304 worms produce a pound of silk. The bags of a spider weighs about one grain; when cleared of the dust and filth they lose about two thirds of that weight. The work of twelve spiders therefore, only equals that of one silk-worm, and a pound of silk will require, at least 27,648 spiders. But as bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept 55,296 spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds. Two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silk-worm; and 663,555 such spiders, would scarcely yield a pound of silk!

FRUIT TREES IN GERMANY.

In the Duchy of Gotha, there are many villages which obtain a rent of two or three hundred dollars, or more for their fruit trees planted on the road side, and on the commons. Every new married couple is bound to plant two young fruit trees. The rent is applied to parochial purposes. In order to preserve the plantations from injury, the inhabitants of the parish are all made answerable, each of whom is thus a watch upon the other; and if any one is caught in the act of committing any injury, all the damage done in the same year the authors of which cannot be discovered, is attributed to him, and he is compelled to atone for it according to its extent, either by fine or corporal punishment.

SECOND SIGHT.

Mr. Editor.—Having seen in the Literary Gazette an extract from Colonel Stewart's admirable work,† mentioning an extraordinary instance of second sight occurring to a gentleman in 1773, I cannot forbear relating a conversation which I held with a young man at Brecon, S. Wales, within two years, on a vision seen by him and his father's servant at the same time, and therefore the more extraordinary.

Mr. — told me that he was walking from his own home to a village four or five miles distant, one afternoon, on some business which required the farming servant to accompany him; just as they came to the bridge which there crosses the Usk, they perceived a funeral procession, and he expressed some surprise to the man that they had never heard of any death in the neighbourhood, and they began to guess who it could be. The funeral advanced; they saw various people, both on horseback and on foot, with whom they were perfectly well acquainted, and with whom they would have spoken on any other occasion; and these persons came so near to them, that they found it necessary to stand close up into one of the corners* of the bridge.

When the funeral had gone past they proceeded, and soon reaching the toll bar, enquired of the man who lived there, whose funeral it was they had met on the bridge? He replied, no

† See Ath. p. 221.

* The bridges in S. Wales are generally built with abutments, which form triangular recesses on the bridge.

funeral had passed that day, nor had he heard of any person in the neighbourhood being dead. In great surprise, they eagerly mentioned the names of various persons, especially those on horseback, who lived in the neighbourhood; he knew them well, but declared positively they had not passed the bar that day, and it was not possible for them to have gone over the bridge without doing so.

Two or three days after this, a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood died, and the man at the toll-bar through which the funeral passed, said it was attended by the same persons in the same situation described to him by these two men, so far as he could judge; and several of them Mr. — (the relater) declared *he had seen and questioned*, and they told him that they had attended the funeral mounted, or dressed, in the very way himself and his father's servant described them; but that on the evening when the vision took place, they were employed in their ordinary occupations.

The young gentleman from whom I received this account was well educated, and of good family. He appeared to be two or three and twenty years of age; was at that time improving himself in a solicitor's office of great respectability, and lived in the house where we had lodged for some weeks. There was nothing in his conversation or conduct which indicated either humour or fancy; still less was there in him the appearance of melancholy or superstition; he was rather a dashy young man, who would have laughed at the story from another person. He was by no means forward to relate this circumstance; but being asked to do so by a lady in the room, in consequence of some conversation which had arisen, he did so in a plain and manly way; as one who sincerely wished the thing had never happened to him, but could conscientiously repeat the facts and assert them.

I enquired the time when this took place; he said it was between five and six o'clock in a summer evening, the year before, viz. 1819. I then said, „May I ask, sir, if you were perfectly *well* at the time, and if you had dined?”

He replied, “I dined with my mother at two o'clock, and might have taken a single glass of wine with her or not, I cannot recollect, but certainly not more. I was as well as I am now, and when the funeral first appeared, was speaking to the man on the business we were going upon, and had no thoughts in my mind whatever, nor had either of us the slightest idea that we had not seen a common funeral, until we were compelled to give it up by the toll-keeper, and many other people on the road, who must inevitably have seen it as ourselves; nor did any funeral take place in the neighbourhood until the one I have mentioned, about a week afterwards. To the circumstances I have mentioned I can safely take my oath, and so can the man that accompanied me, who is well known as a very honest fellow, and still in our service.”

There were many names mentioned and incidents particularized in this story, which I have either forgotten, or remember insufficiently for recapitulation; but *this* is the substance, and is too remarkable to be forgotten, or in my opinion accounted for by any ordinary elucidation; and being completely before us as to the time, persons, and place, has, at least, the advantage of being fairly examined.

SUPERSTITION.

The age of miracle has not followed the age of chivalry into oblivion. A very recent Continental Journal (June 1822) contains the affidavit of M. Donnadieu, the Mayor and Council of Bossagues, that on the 12th of last May, a girl of fifteen years of age, paralytic for more than three years, was miraculously cured on the day of the festival of St. Fulcran, the patron saint of the place.

PUNS.

A Waterman the other day boasting of the proficiency of some of his pupils in the now fashionable art of *rowing*, declared that one of them was so expert, he would soon “make a man of him,” “Then,” said a wit, “he must be a *Ro-man*.”

Puns do not deserve the reproaches heaped upon them; they enliven society; and we have heard hundreds of them in companies where no pocket was ever picked.—Bad or good, here are two. In a party, chiefly of medical gentlemen, discussing the power of animals to communicate hydrophobia, it was asserted by a learned Doctor, that the infection had been communicated in one instance by a duck. Many inferences were made from this fact,

till an extra-professional visitor observed, that the strongest lesson he could draw from it was, to "beware of Quacks."

THE QUAKERS.

Notwithstanding that the principles of the Quakers will not allow them to sanction war, much less to contribute to its support, unless when compelled, yet in the rebellion of 1745, a deputation of this society waited on Sir W. Yonge and Lord Ligonier, with an offer to furnish, at their own expense, to the troops employed in his majesty's service during the winter in the north, a supply of woollen waistcoats to be worn under their other clothing. The offer was accepted.

DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

Lavinia Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) was tempted by Rich from the Haymarket to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1728, by a salary of *fifteen shillings* per week : on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*, to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to *thirty shillings* ! and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET,
PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

The letter, which she is said to have written to Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary of state, who sent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, was first printed in a paper written by Lord Oxford for *The World*, and again introduced by that noble writer, in his article relative to this high-spirited woman.

"I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject ; your man shan't stand.

"Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."

We have given place to the above, by way of introducing two other letters not generally known, one by a royal, the other from a humble, personage. The first is from *Queen Elizabeth* to Heton, Bishop of Ely, who, it seems, had promised to exchange some part of the land belonging to his newly-acquired see, for a pretended equivalent ; but demurred when he entered on the office, either from a hope of enjoying his dignity without the penalty, or from a sense of shame at so palpable an injustice towards the church, probably the latter, because the letter is

said to be preserved in the Episcopal Register of Ely, as a sort of proof of the compulsion.

"Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement : but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God ! I will immediately unfrock you. Your's, as you demean yourself,
"ELIZABETH."

We know not what punishment will be inflicted on us for inserting, as a climax to these royal and noble epistles, the letter of an unfortunate lieutenant of foot ; but it seems to us so characteristic, and so spirited a composition, that our readers shall have it. The billet was found by the Secretary at War on his table, after the loss of Minorca to the French, and is perfect of its kind.

"SIR—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Blackney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.
Sir, &c. &c. A. B."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FEAR.

When the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleets of Trafalgar, the first Lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun ; so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid ? "Afraid !" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "No : I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money, the greatest part among the officers."

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked after the battle of Waterloo if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid ! why I was in all the battles of the Peninsula !" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that ! I was only afraid we should be all killed before we had time to win it."

BRITISH CARPENTER.

On the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in the revolutionary war of America, the crew of the Loyalist, a frigate of 22 guns, was immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet. Of that fleet, the *Ardent*, captured off Plymouth, made one, but she

was in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the carpenter of the Loyalist was a clever fellow, and perfectly acquainted with the chain pump, of which the French were then quite ignorant, ordered him on board the *Ville de Paris*, and said to him, "Sir, you are to go on board the *Ardent* directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service, you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy. To this I pledge my honour; but if you refuse, you shall have nothing but bread and water during your captivity. The tar, surprised at being

thus addressed in his own language by the French admiral, boldly answered: "Noble Count, I am your prisoner; it is in your power to compel me; but never let it be said, that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me; and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." To the eternal disgrace of Count de Grasse, he rewarded this noble conduct by wanton severity as long as he had it in his power to inflict it; but on his exchange Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of his own ship.

Necrological Table.

FOR 1821-2.

Among the reminiscences associated with the date of 1821, will be found names of powerful interest; some of these belong to the historian, rather than to ourselves, whose purpose it is to record only those who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art. Yet there are *two* which, although they do not come within the immediate scope of our necrology, we cannot pass over in entire silence. The first of these is that of *Napoleon Buonaparte*, the hero of the republic, the founder of new dynasties, the imperial master of France, the humbled exile of St. Helena! He died on the 5th of May. The second is that of *Caroline*, the unfortunate Queen of England, who died on the 7th of August.

Bancroft, Edward Bartholomew, MD. was educated to the practice of medicine, and is well known by some professional works, especially by his *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colours*, 1794. Having resided some time in the West Indies, he wrote a *Natural History of Guiana*, in South America, 8vo. 1769; and an *Essay on the Yellow Fever*. Dr. Bancroft did not confine himself to scientific subjects, for in 1770 he produced a *Novel*, in three volumes, entitled, *Charles Wentworth*. Died at Margate.

Bonnycastle, John, Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was author of several popular works in the most useful branches of the mathematics. The principal of these are, *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, 8vo. 1789; *General History of Mathematics*, from the French of Bossuet, 8vo. 1803; a *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry*; and a *Treatise on Algebra*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1813.

Burney, Rear Admiral, FRS. was eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burney, the elegant historian of music, and brother to Dr. Charles Burney, the Hellenist, and Madame D'Arblay, the distinguished novelist. The Admiral was not an unworthy member of so literary a family; his *History of Voyages of Discovery* displays extensive reading and research, as well as geographical knowledge. He published also another work on the *Eastern Navigation of the Russians*. Died suddenly of apoplexy, November 17, in his 72d year.

Calcott, John Wall, Mus. Doc. and Organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was author of a *Musical Grammar*, and of a work entitled, *Statement of Earl Stanhope's System of Tuning Keyed Instru-*

ments. Dr. Calcott's musical compositions have been universally admired for the science and genius they display. Died May 15.

Cappe, Mrs. Catherine. This lady, who was the relict of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, of York, wrote several religious publications, and one or two works relating to charity schools, and female societies.

Cromwell, Oliver, was a lineal descendant of the Protector, being great grandson of Henry, his fourth son, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and MP. for Cambridge. This gentleman is author of a very recent work, entitled, *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, and his sons, Richard and Henry, illustrated by original letters, and other family papers: with six portraits from family pictures, 4to. 1821. At one period of his life he practised as a solicitor, but of late years relinquished all professional employment. Died at Cheshunt, May 31, aged 79.

Gregory, James, MD. Professor of the practice of physic in the university of Edinburgh, RCP. FRS., &c. was born at Aberdeen, 1753, and was the eldest son of the late Dr. John Gregory. In 1776, he was appointed professor of the theory of physic in the university of Edinburgh, and on the retirement of Dr. Cullen was chosen to succeed him. Besides some professional works, he published, in 1792, two volumes of *Philosophical and Literary Essays*; and in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, a paper on the *Theory of the Moods and Verbs*. Aged 68.

Holroyd, the Right Hon. John Baker, Lord Sheffield. Early in life this nobleman became the friend of the celebrated Gibbon, whose *Memoirs* and *Posthumous works* he

published in 3 vols. 4to. His lordship was a practical agriculturist, and likewise the author of a variety of publications on Commercial and Political Subjects. He was created an Irish peer in 1780; an English one in 1802. Died May 30, in his 80th year.

Inchbald, Elizabeth. This lady (whose maiden name was Simpson) was originally an actress, and made her appearance on the Manchester stage at the early age of 18. Her person was beautiful, her talent was considerable, yet she was not destined to become a first-rate actress: she therefore left the theatre and commenced dramatic writer; here she was more successful, for her productions in this line, which are rather numerous, present some of the last scintillations of that "expiring art," Comedy. As a novel writer, her pen was less prolific, for she composed only two works of this description; but these are of very superior interest, and her "Simple Story" may be regarded as a standard and classical work. In private life her reputation was unblemished. Died Aug. 1, aged 65.

James, Charles, (Major,) a writer on military subjects, and a poet of some talent. His chief work is his Military Dictionary, which has passed several editions. His poetical pieces appeared in two separate collections, one in 1789, the other in 1791: among these, his lyrical effusions possess much merit. His Epigrams frequently enlivened the columns of the Morning Chronicle. Died April 14, aged 56.

Jordan, Camille. This celebrated orator, and political character, was born at Lyons, Jan. 11, 1771. He first visited Paris in 1790; and in 1793, when Lyons opposed the tyranny of the national convention, first displayed his eloquence. After the siege of Lyons, he retired to Switzerland, and from thence came to this country, where he formed a connection with Erskine, Fox, &c. and studied our literature, legislation, and constitution. Subsequently he went to Germany, where he also became acquainted with several of the first literati. In 1800, he was recalled to France, and opposed the pretensions of Buonaparte, then First Consul. During the imperial government, he lived in entire seclusion, occupied solely with literary pursuits. Attached to the Bourbons, he endeavoured to promote their restoration, 1814. Died 19th of May, in his 51st year.

Knox, Vicesimus, DD. a distinguished writer on subjects of education and Belles Lettres. His Essays obtained for him great reputation by the eloquence of the language and style; his Winter Evenings' Lucubrations are also a very agreeable collection of papers on literary topics. He also formed those popular compilations the Elegant Extracts, Prose, Verse, and Epistles. As a writer on religious subjects and divinity, he has not published much; but his productions in this line have been highly commended by those two eminent prelates, Horsley and Porteus. In his political

opinions Dr. Knox was a whig. Born Dec. 8, 1752: died Sept. 6.

Keats, John, a young man of distinguished genius as a poet. He died at Rome on the 28th of February, 1821, in the 25th year of his age. His works are, "Poems," published in 1817; Endymion, published in 1818; and Lamia and other poems, published in 1820. Memoirs of his life are announced, to be accompanied with a selection from his unpublished manuscripts, which, when they appear, will be so particularly noticed in this Magazine as to render any further account at this time unnecessary.

King, Frances Elizabeth. This excellent woman, who was relict of the late Rev. Richard King, and sister to Sir Thomas Bernard, was author of A Tour in France, 1803; and of several religious and moral publications; viz. The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Human Happiness—Female Scripture Characters. 2 vols. 18mo, &c. Died Dec. 23, aged 64.

Lindsay, Rev. James, DD. was a native of Scotland, and succeeded the celebrated Dr. Fordyce as pastor of the presbyterian congregation in Monkwell-street, where he officiated 35 years. He published a few single sermons, but no work of particular importance. His death, which happened on the 14th of February, was very sudden; he expired while attending a meeting at Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross street, convened for the purpose of considering Mr. Brougham's projected bill on the subject of Education.

Neilson, Rev. W., DD. MRIA. Author of several useful publications for schools; Greek Exercises, and Key; Greek Idioms exhibited in Select Passages from the best Authors, 8vo.; Elements of English Grammar; besides these, he wrote an introduction to the Irish Language and some single Sermons.

Piozzi, Hester Lynch. This lady will not be remembered so much for her own productions as for having been, during a long series of years, the friend of the celebrated Johnson. As a writer, though occasionally lively, she is frequently frivolous and flip-pant. Died May 2, aged 82.

Rennie, John, was born June 7th, 1761, at Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland. In his earliest youth he discovered a taste for mechanics, and commenced life as a millwright, but fortunately soon afterwards connected himself with the late Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. On the death of Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Rennie succeeded him in many public works, and was soon at the head of the list of civil engineers. He had now sufficient scope for the exertion of his talents; nor did he neglect the opportunity that now presented itself of acquiring fame as well as emolument. The London and East India docks, the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, Leith, &c. the Bell Rock Light-house, the Quay at Woolwich,

above all, the Waterloo bridge, are indisputable proofs of his genius, and will perpetuate his name. M. Dupin has published a necrological memoir of him. Died October 4.

At Shiraz, in Persia, aged 35, Oct. 5, 1821, *Claudius John Rich. Esq.* (Author of the "Memoirs of Ancient Babylon,") late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad; to which station he was raised before the age of 17, in consequence of his great literary attainments and distinguished merits. He was at Shiraz on his way to Bombay, when he was carried off by that fatal disease, the Cholera Morbus, the ravages of which, in that city, swept off, in the short space of five days, sixteen thousand persons. His untimely death will be the subject of most painful regret to many of his friends who remember his truly amiable character, together with his intense application and his ardent genius, by means of which he was enabled to make an almost unexampled proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, Persic, Arabic, and Turkish, as well as in several of the European languages. Independently of his extraordinary acquirements, thus prematurely lost to the world, his death will excite additional regret in the mind of the Christian, from his having engaged in the most decided manner, to promote the circulation of the Scriptures through Persia, and other parts of the East; an ample acknowledgement of his valuable services is contained in the records of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Rodriguez, an eminent Spanish Astronomer. He was appointed by the Spanish government to assist Biot and Arago in measuring an arc of the meridian; and was for some time engaged in astronomical pursuits at both London and Paris. Died, aged about 45.

Scott, John. The particulars of the life of this gentleman, author of *The Visit to Paris*, *Paris Revisited*, *The House of Mourning*, a poem, and late editor of the *London Magazine*, are too important to be given in that brief space to which our present article would limit us. We wait with anxiety for the appearance of memoirs of his life, from the pen of one who is of all persons the most competent to undertake such a work, and when these are published we shall recur to the subject.

Scott, Rev. Thomas, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, born at Brayloft, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, February, 1747, was author of several valuable theological and religious works. His *Force of Truth* is a popular publication, and has been frequently translated. Many of his writings were in reply to the objections raised against Christianity by infidel and speculative authors; such are his *Answer to Paine*; *Rights of God*, &c.; but he will be best known as a commentator on the Holy Scriptures. His edition of the Family Bible, on which he was employed for thirty-three years, has been frequently re-printed, and is a work of great ability and merit.

Stephens, Alexander. This gentleman who was a native of Elgin, in Scotland, where he was born, 1757, was educated to the profession of the law, which he abandoned for that of literature. Mr. Stephens was an author from choice, being possessed of handsome property. Died February 24.

Thurston, John, was a native of Scarborough; he designed a number of book-plates for popular works. Died, aged 48.

Twiss, Richard. This amusing tourist was born at Rotterdam, April 26, 1747, where his father, who was an eminent English merchant, resided. His works are *Travels in Portugal and Spain*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1772; *Tour in Ireland*, 1775; *Trip to Paris*, 1792; *Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1805. Died March 5.

Vince, Rev. Archdeacon, M.A. FRS. Plumian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, known by his various writings on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

Walker, Adam, Lecturer on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. This gentleman invented a variety of useful contrivances, machines, &c. viz. engines for raising water; improved method of pumping vessels at sea; wind and steam carriages; the empyreal air-stove; the celestina harpsichord; the eidouranion; the rotary lights on the Scilly Islands; a boat to work against the stream; a curious weather-gauge, &c. Died February 11, aged 90.

Weber, Anselm. This celebrated composer was born at Mannheim, 1766; he was at first destined to the church, and passed through a course of theological studies, but his attachment to music preponderated, and determined him to embrace that as his profession. He afterwards travelled with the celebrated Abbe Vogel through Holland, England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; became director of the band at the theatre at Berlin; and subsequently on his return from Paris, 1805, was appointed leader at the Chapel Royal at Berlin. He set to music many of the pieces of Goethe and Schiller; for the last he composed the music of *Hermann and Thusnelda*. His operas had great success. Died March 23.

Walters, John, Architect. His principal works are the beautiful chapel, in the pointed style, on the London Hospital estate; the auction mart, by the Bank; the parish church of St. Paul, Shadwell, &c. &c. Died Oct. 4, aged 39.

June 22, died, at the advanced age of 126 years and three days, Mr. Thadey Doorley, a most respectable farmer, residing near the hill of Allen, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take the pleasure of any sort of field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was father of the renowned Capt. Doorley, well known in that country, and was married about 19 years ago at the age of 107 to a woman of 31 years of age.

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